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MODERN MYTHS.

We have a pleasant and intelligent younger brother rejoicing in the title of 'NOTES AND QUERIES,' to whom one may send a question on any mysterious or difficult point in literature, with the certainty, or all but certainty, that his ensuing number or the next again will contain an answer to it. We are among his subscribers and constant readers, and have already, in the six months of his existence, added immensely by his means to our stock of knowledge. It is only to be regretted that 'Notes and Queries' takes a somewhat narrow field of operations, confining his attention mainly to literary and historical matters—as, for instance, the source of the well-known proverbial couplet,

'He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day'—

or the author of the equally well-known saying, 'Let me make a nation's ballads, who will may make its laws'—or 'the reason why the nine of Diamonds is called the Curse of Scotland.' We should like to see him taking a wider range, because there are some profoundly abstruse questions, of neither a literary nor a historical character, on which light is not less desirable.

Ever since we were very little children, and more particularly then than now, we have heard of a personage called the Pig-faced Lady—a wonderful personage, the daughter of a man of large fortune, highly accomplished, and of the most amiable dispositions, but who, having unfortunately been born with a head and face like a pig, was necessarily sequestered from society. It was understood that this lady had every elegance furnished to her—she ate her food out of a silver, if not a gold trough—a human physiognomy, however plain of its kind, was the sole thing wanting to render her situation in life enviable. She lived in certain apartments of a magnificent house, attended by a set of servants, none of whom, however, ever saw her face, as she studiously concealed it under a thick veil. Her father, having no other child to whom he might leave his fortune, was anxious to see her married; but the difficulty raised to this by her monstrosity of aspect was very great, and it was considered doubtful if a suitable avain would ever be found. Now we want to know who this Pig-faced Lady was. Who were her parents? Where did she live? When did she live? Did she ever meet a youth willing to accept her as his wife? Was she ever really married? Was her fortune paid? And did the match turn out well? Has she ever been heard of as an *old* lady? Supposing that no one can answer these questions any more than ourselves, will some 'oldest inhabitant' of this great island inform us if he heard of the Pig-faced Lady in *his* youth, as we have heard of her in ours? Perhaps some gentle-

man not so very old can tell when the Pig-faced Lady was for the first time heard of. If so, let him communicate all besides that he knows about her. Let us have a biography of the Pig-faced Lady if possible.

There is another person of interesting character, of whom we did not hear till a much more recent period. This was the gentleman of large fortune who was understood to go about the country as a player on the bagpipes for a wager. He was, as we all know, to do so for three years, wearing the usual garb of a strolling musician, or else forfeit a large sum which he had staked. We never chanced to see the gentleman; but we heard that he now and then turned up in one of the minor towns, to the great admiration of the worthy inhabitants, especially those of the more impressionable sex. A tall handsome figure he was, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman shining through a mean garb. His playing was charming. Every one observed the silver ornaments on his pipes, and that he himself wore a handsome diamond ring. He only appeared in the dusk for about an hour; but when it was known who he was, he never failed to reap a rich harvest—for somehow it is far more pleasant to give to those who do not want than to those who do. It was always understood that he thereafter retired to the best hotel in town, was disrobed by his servant, and then indulged in all the luxuries which a gentleman may be understood to have a taste for. Now we should like to learn from some contributor to the 'Notes and Queries' who this mysterious gentleman was, and all about him. Was there such a gentleman at all? Was he really a man of fortune engaged in a frolic, or was he some one who found it equally profitable to assume the character? Who can testify to having ever seen him, or any person bearing the appearance? Supposing that he can be substantiated, it would be particularly obliging if any one can tell us whether he gained his bet or not, and, if he did, how much he gained by it and by his collections as a musician?

There is a remarkable person of more recent date than either of the preceding. If we remember rightly, she came into the field very soon after the Gentleman-Bagpiper ceased to be much spoken of. We allude to the lady who was to be married whenever she could exhibit a million of used postage labels. In this case we seem to make a nearer approximation to a real personage than in the other two, for we have ourselves several times been intreated for used labels by young ladies who professed to be gathering in behalf of the principal party. While this is true, there is nevertheless much obscurity about the affair, as, to the best of our recollection, no one of these fair agents ever could pretend to a personal acquaintance with the principal. She had only been asked to gather by a friend, who was herself gathering for another person, who was

gathering for another, and so on; thus placing the marriageable lady at the end of so long a vista of deputed powers, that her very existence came to be a matter of uncertainty. For anything we can tell, however, the lady of the million of labels may have lived in the next street. We may have met her, and handed her down to dinner without knowing that she was the true and genuine heroine of this extraordinary contingency. What we wish to make out is—first, her reality, her being, as the Antiquary said of the Hawes Fly, in *rerum naturâ*; second, the fact of her marriage. Did she win the battle of the stamps? Did Victoria set a million of seals upon her nuptials? If she be not a mere myth, somebody must be able to pronounce upon her and all her antecedents and belongings. Will that somebody, then, be so good as communicate to us all proper particulars—as, what led to her single blessedness being made terminable on so singular a result? What sort of person was the swain who proposed a condition so irrelevant to the usual requisites of matrimony? Did the marriage take place, and turn out well? We do not know if we are entitled to push our queries any farther; but perhaps it might be as well to add the number of children, if any, merely because it may help to establish the objectivity of the lady. Anything, in short, to take her out of the mythic condition in which she now rests in our minds.

It will occur to the graver of our readers that these are questions of little or no importance in themselves, and some will be inclined to ask why we agitate them in this formal manner. We can only say, in answer, that we have always felt a painful dissatisfaction with the ignorance under which we lay regarding them, and this feeling we are naturally anxious to supersede by the pleasure of knowledge. It is really nothing to us whether the Pig-faced Lady ever breathed, or ever got married; the Lady of the Labels is equally to us in the condition of Hecuba; and so is the Gentleman-Bagpiper. But it is not of little consequence to us that we have heard hundreds of allusions made in conversation to these personages without being able to decide whether they were to be considered as realities or as myths. We do not like to be in the dark about anything, not even the most trivial. Perhaps, too, there may be some solid advantage to be gained by the decision of these questions; for, please to observe, if the persons turn out to be ideal, it will show how mythic ideas are continually arising even at this day in the midst of all our boasted lucidity of knowledge, and all our high-wrought civilisation; while, if, on the contrary, they are realities, it may be held deducible that the early tales of nations are less fabulous than the school of Niebuhr supposes. For all of these reasons, then, we launch our queries, with the most earnest solicitude for suitable and satisfactory replies.

ARTHUR LEAVESLEY, OR THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

ONE wet and dismal November evening, a traveller might have been observed to leave the quay, where had just arrived one of the passage-boats from a little distance; for it was before the days of all-assisting steam. The passenger alluded to was of herculean stature, and had he been less closely wrapped up, might have been admired as a model of manly strength and beauty. But the rain poured in torrents, and he was enveloped in an ample Spanish cloak, while a sealskin cap was drawn closely round his face. The streets through which he had to pass were nearly deserted, and the shopkeepers, expecting little custom on such a night, were slowly beginning to shut up. A porter conveyed some luggage on a truck, beside which, avoiding the pavement, the traveller walked in silence with gigantic strides. They reached a sequestered building, large and melancholy-looking, shut out from the surrounding waste ground by lofty walls. Here the gentleman rung, and waited a short space very impatiently, as might be guessed from

his frequently stamping with one foot. At length, just as he had stretched forth his hand to ring again, a man appeared, who received within the gate the stranger's large and heavy trunk, together with a hat-box. The street-porter was then discharged, and the visitor, or inmate, or whatever he might be, followed his luggage into the building.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when he again issued forth in search of another porter with a truck; and as the man who lately served him had been resting under a neighbouring gateway, he came forward, and was again engaged, his employer not recognising him. Perhaps—indeed it seemed most likely—his thoughts and attention were too much absorbed in his own concerns. The hat-box and trunk—the latter not in the slightest degree lightened, though the man thought to himself it contained a load of a different description—were replaced on the truck, and their owner led the way to one of the newest and most genteel quarters of the city. Once or twice they met the watchmen, now engaged in their midnight rounds, with whom the passenger exchanged a courteous good-night, as he continued to stalk close by his property through the midst of the flashy streets. Arrived at the lodgings he intended to occupy, and where, it would appear, he was expected, he was promptly admitted by the landlady, and he himself assisted the porter to carry his luggage up stairs. It proved no easy task, even with the help of the owner's extraordinary strength; and when it was accomplished, and the porter was asked his fare, he boldly required at least double what he was entitled to. His employer was about to demur, but the fellow casting a significant glance towards the heavy load just deposited, the gentleman at once paid the demand. The man, it ought to be said, had only ventured an experiment, as many of his class are accustomed to do; and having succeeded beyond his hopes, his tone changed to profound respect, as, thanking the donor, he muttered something about the lateness of the hour and the state of the weather in excuse for the high charge. He then took leave, with the tacit understanding that he was not to make the subject of his midnight fare a topic of conversation.

The newly arrived, whose name was Arthur Leavesley—or Leslie, as it is now more generally written, though our hero preferred its ancient form—divested of his wet accoutrements, was a strikingly handsome man, somewhat under thirty; and though his attire aimed not even at neatness, no one who saw him could doubt that, by birth and education, he was a gentleman. Amid much bland insinuation of manners, however, might be detected a blunt eccentricity and a reckless hauteur which evinced a mind undisciplined, and perhaps a character far from stainless. With his landlady he seemed to be on very familiar terms, for he carried on with her a short but evidently important consultation. She, too, was young and good-looking, but considerably careworn, and was habited in respectable and deep mourning. In fact she was a widow, yet, from her appearance, could scarcely be mistaken for one of those who may be called 'widows indeed.' She placed some hot brandy and water before her lodger, and soon afterwards left him to betake himself to what might have been supposed needful repose. In the morning his bell rung early; he was in bed, and complained of being ill. The landlady attended assiduously to his wants, and begged he would send for medical advice. This Leavesley obstinately refused to permit, and to her other inmates she feelingly lamented the circumstance. The patient appeared to get worse, and after a fretful, restless day, he began to rave; the poor woman, kindly disposed towards him as it would seem, prepared to watch by him, and at length she thought he slept; but ere the dull morning again dawned, she perceived he was insensible. Then she sent for a doctor, who soon arrived, and was shown into the sick-room. Near the bed stood the anxious-looking widow—the only attendant. The doctor advanced and spoke, and as the woman shortly explained

the patient's state, he drew aside the heavy curtain. A single glance—a hurried touch on the cold, still brow—

'My good woman, your lodger is dead!' said he solemnly.

'Dead!' echoed the woman in a horror-stricken tone.

The gentleman put a few professional questions, the replies to which satisfied him that she had not been to blame. He then recommended her to communicate with the friends of the departed, if she knew where they were to be found, and took his leave.

The first thing the landlady did was to order a coffin; and she desired it might be made several inches longer than the body—though her lodger was a very tall man—stating that in the intervals of his short delirium he had made her promise that some papers, on which he put a particular value, should be buried with him.

It was done. He had been a stranger in the place; but the woman procured a few respectable neighbours, to whom his person was not altogether unknown, to attend the funeral. The death was immediately notified in the principal newspapers, and a few days afterwards a plain but neat head-stone was raised to mark his resting-place. His very few effects awaited the commands of his friends when they should discover what had occurred, and there were barely sufficient funds in his desk to defray the necessary expenses, however simple the arrangements had been. So another stilly sleeper was left in the strangers' cemetery, to await the last call that shall awake the dead.

But were there no mourning relations—no widowed one to weep his sudden fate, cut down in his life's prime, 'unappointed, unannealed?' We shall see. The grave-stone had hardly been raised over the stranger's turf, when another traveller reached the same busy city by the same conveyance, and by one of those coincidences not unusual in everyday life, he met with and engaged the same porter we have before mentioned to convey his small portmanteau to one of the hotels. It happened that their way lay through the street in which Leavesley had lodged, and the gentleman chanced to observe this. He then took a card from his pocket-book, and having stopped at No. 11, he said to his porter, 'Remain here a few minutes; I have an inquiry to make, and I may as well do it now in passing.' He rung, and asked for Mr Arthur Leavesley.

'Oh, dear me!' sighed the woman who appeared; 'he is dead and buried ten days ago.'

'Indeed!' was the rejoinder, but not in a tone like that of either grief or surprise. 'I wish to see what property or papers he may have left.'

'Certainly, sir. You come from his friends I suppose?'

'Friends or foes, as the case may be. I am a solicitor on behalf of his creditors.' And he handed his card.

He was shown to the room, which was yet unoccupied, and some keys were given to him. The great trunk was there. It contained heavy old ledgers and day-books, useless music and papers; and they all had an unaccountable musty smell. Nothing of the least value appeared; but the visitor placed seals on all the repositories.

As this gentleman turned from the door, he spoke some civil words to the porter in the way of apology for having detained him. Courtesy and consideration towards dependents are very rarely thrown away. The man, won by his present employer's urbanity, respectfully said, 'Did I understand, sir, you were informed of the sudden death of a gentleman who lately lodged in that house?'

'Yes, indeed I was,' replied the traveller; 'and a sad business it is.'

'Dear, dear! Could it be he, I wonder, taken off so soon, and hale and strong as he appeared? Was he a remarkably tall man, if you please, sir?'

'He was uncommonly so,' said the gentleman, now considerably interested. 'Do you happen to know anything of him?'

The man, who before had had his own suspicions, now debated with himself whether he ought to tell all he knew or not. While he yet hesitated, his employer mentioned, so far as he thought prudent, the reasons for his inquiries about Leavesley, and these settled the matter. The ulterior proceedings were singular, and resulted from the guessings of the shrewd lawyer, consequent on all he had heard. The fact was, Arthur Leavesley had, by contravention of the laws, rendered himself amenable to justice, which accordingly had stretched her iron hand to grasp him. He was an only and a spoiled child, whom early and blind indulgence had rendered first selfish, then headstrong, and finally profligate; till gaming, swindling, and forgery, wound up the dark catalogue of his vices.

A day or two after the last scene we have recorded, a small group of persons were gathered round the grave whose head-stone bore the name of Leavesley. There were present the acute lawyer, the intelligent street-porter, the medical practitioner, and the necessary officials. The earth was removed, the coffin laid bare, and opened, and a reverent pause ensued. Even to the stoutest heart there is something awe-inspiring in the presence of mouldering mortality brought to light again from the bosom of the tomb. When a silent but sufficient examination had been made by all present of the now offensive remains, each expressed his conviction.

'This is not the gentleman whose trunk I carried, first to, and then from, the Fever Hospital; his hair was jet black; this is sandy-gray,' said the porter.

'This is the corpse I saw on the bed in No. 11, C—Terrace,' said the doctor.

'This is not the person I seek,' said the lawyer. 'The body is several inches shorter than the coffin, which has been filled up with waste paper. As I suspected, this body has been procured from the hospital, ostensibly for surgical purposes, and then buried as Leavesley, in order to facilitate his escape, and for some other reasons not so evident.'

In corroboration of these opinions, another porter was found, who deposed that he had carried Leavesley's pretended luggage from his lodging to the Canal Company's Office on the same day we first met with him, so that, in fact, he had never at that time been absent from the town. A nurse and under-surgeon of the hospital identified the buried man. The landlady of No. 11 was also officially examined, without whose connivance, and indeed active co-operation, the cunning farce of the deathbed and burial could not have been attempted. She steadily refused all explanation with a calm self-possession worthy of a better cause; and as she shortly afterwards left the place, and could not be traced, the felon's pursuers were at fault for a time.

While these scenes were transacting in one part of the kingdom, a fair, young, deserted wife was pining in that sickness of the heart, so hard to bear, resulting from disappointed hope and outraged tenderness. Rosa Kearney was a lovely Irish girl. Her face and form were fresh and heart-gladdening, while the impressiveness and enthusiasm of her country glistened in her dark eye, and graced every gesture. She was Arthur Leavesley's pet cousin, and he won her warm heart even in girlhood. Little wonder, though more the pity, none of his youthful follies could detach from him her faithful affection. Neither the warning of friends nor the occasional misgivings of her own gentle spirit sufficed to save her from the gulf of misery, the depths of which, strong in woman's self-devotedness and trust, she had resolved to brave with him. If any one could guide the mistaken wanderer back to rectitude and peace, could it be other than she—his own early loved, early betrothed? So she wedded Arthur before she was nineteen, and for a while all the hopeful young wife's dreams appeared to be realised. Selfishness and prodigality, however, too soon reassumed the pilotage which the hand of love had held so lightly. Rosa, after much meek endurance of waywardness, neglect, violence, and at length desertion, was prevailed on to accept of a secluded cot-

tage, and small separate allowance, in a district of the south-west of Ireland, from her elder brother, the only one of her family who had not abandoned her to her self-chosen lot. One comfort she had to sweeten her bitter cup—an infant son, whom she nursed with even more than the usual fond care of a mother for her first-born, since in him was concentrated much of the love her husband spurned so recklessly. Another treasure she possessed in the unbought attendance of her own proverbially-attached Irish nurse. With her Rosa determined to live alone in their peaceful retreat, and she would not suffer its locality to be concealed from her erring but still loved husband; because she ever hoped for his eventual reformation, and continued to dwell on the idea that, if world-forsaken or heart-stricken, he might feel that there was one home and one bosom where he would be welcome.

How would such a being bear the tidings that now awaited her! Her brother and his wife, having been informed by the newspapers of the circumstance of her husband's death, which to them could appear only in the light of a merciful relief, hastened to the only one who would mourn for him: after a little very awkward preparatory circumlocution, the fact was communicated, as gently as possible, to the youthful wife. When the first shock was over, her pitying friends implored her to return with them to their home, which was only about fifteen miles distant; but she begged softly, yet earnestly, to be left alone, and promised to be calm, and console herself with the child. Affectionate as they were, she felt they could have no sympathy with her; and knowing the firmness, as well as the tenderness, of her character, her relatives at last consented to leave her.

After a few days, the new-made widow assumed the befitting and melancholy garb she had caused Judith to provide for her; and the first time she caught a glimpse of herself in her mirror, she turned sickening away, again to weep bitterly, as she remembered Arthur to have said, in one of the eccentric moods that had so often alarmed her, 'How well, Rosa, you would look in weeds!'

Mrs Leavesley's neat cottage and spacious garden were surrounded by a high wall with a close gate, which was locked early every afternoon. The low French windows, which opened into a veranda overgrown with roses and clematis, were also guarded at night by strong outside shutters, and the door by a powerful chain. There was no particular cause for alarm at that time from the state of the now unhappy sister island; but the place was lonely; two timid females lived there without protection, and they felt their wished-for seclusion more complete when all due precautions against disturbance had been taken. How much the greater, therefore, was their surprise and alarm when, one evening, about a week after the last blow to Rosa's hopes had befallen, as she was reading her usual evening portion of Scripture to her nurse, and the little boy slept in the adjacent room, they heard two or three low knocks at the cottage door. The hour was late, the windows were closely curtained, and no glimmer could possibly penetrate the murky darkness without to guide any wanderer to their abode. But the murmur of the reader's voice, low and soft as it was, had doubtless encouraged some one within their premises to expect admission. Yet how came any one there? For what purpose at such an hour? They listened breathlessly. Rosa, weakened by her grief, felt for a few moments almost overpowered by apprehension; she exchanged a few whispered sentences with her faithful and more courageous attendant, while the knocks were repeated a little louder, but still with evident caution.

Judith, therefore, went to the door, and asked who was there? A man's voice, in a suppressed tone, answered he came with a message for Mrs Leavesley. Unwilling to betray distrust, and yet resolved on caution, the servant, on a signal from her mistress, who stood with a light at the entrance of the chamber where

her child rested, opened the door, but kept on the chain. Judith could not see the man, for he stood in the thick gloom of the night, but he repeated an urgent request to deliver his message to the lady herself. Rosa, then, setting down her light, approached the partially-opened door, into which the cold wind rushed with a mournful howling; and it may be imagined she scarcely retained her senses when she recognised a long-loved voice whisper, 'Rosa, it is your poor, good-for-nothing husband; will you give him shelter?'

Did she hear aright?—was she in a dream?—or was it not rather a skilful imposture? Blessings on the confiding faith of woman! Rosa stopped not even to ask herself one such question. She opened the door, and Arthur indeed, disguised, and shabby, and travel-soiled, and miserable, stood under her roof, and in the holy presence of the wife he had outraged and injured. His former reckless effrontery was gone, and he seemed abashed and ashamed. Rosa's love had been long-suffering and all-enduring. At first she knew not what to expect of horror, but she saw at a glance that the threatened stroke could be no common one; and it were too much perhaps to say that most of her ill-requited affection yet survived the grave in which she had believed its object to be laid, and still she pitied, and once more she forgave. The cottage door was quickly secured, the wanderer was refreshed, and the wife was told of the danger he was in—of his belief that his pursuers had traced him, and his anxiety to reach the neighbouring seaport, whence he might have a chance to escape abroad. How breathlessly Rosa listened! how she strove to still the tumult of her ideas, and brace her energies to meet the exigency!

After all his humbling revelations, the wearied man slept on the sofa—he had not even asked to see his boy; and Rosa—

'Such hours are women's birthright'—

watched and prayed beside him. Judith had gone to bed; the light was extinguished, that the outcast might rest more undisturbedly; and amidst the deep stillness Rosa very soon fancied she heard on the gravel before the cottage stealthy steps. Arthur had leaped the high wall, and few men could perform such a feat unassisted. The wind at times whistled, and then moaned dirge-like among the leafless trees; but the anxious wife ere long became painfully convinced that the home-covert would not long avail the hunted deer. The cottage was so small—containing only two rooms and a kitchen—it afforded no hopeful place of concealment. Beneath the thatch? Ah, that was so obvious! Disguise was equally hopeless—his stature so rare, and so conspicuous. There was a great old-fashioned clock that stood in a dark niche just outside the parlour door; might it not be moved a small space, and a hiding-place found behind it? It might be tried; at all events it was the sole, slight chance. Amidst these sickening thoughts and plans a few torturing hours passed, and the wintry sun of December was hardly visible, when knocks for admittance were again heard. The old woman looked as cross as possible on the early guests; but of course was quite respectful when informed by one of three men whom she saw that they sought a felon, who was supposed to be there concealed from justice. Judith assured them, with an unconcerned tone admirably adapted for the occasion, that 'they were heartily welcome to search the little dwelling—it would be no tedious or difficult task—but she wished them to wait her mistress's time of rising, who was in deep trouble, poor young *cragthur*, for the loss of a good husband!' With a broad sneer at this last figure of speech, the men consented to wait a little; and ere their patience had been too much tried, they were shown into the room where Rosa's solitary breakfast was delicately laid out, and herself giving her little boy his morning meal. Her wan, lily-like loveliness, her newly-donned widow's dress, her graceful calmness and dignity, evidently awed the rough visitors. One of them espe-

cially, who appeared the superior, gazed on the girl-looking figure before him with deep commiseration. He chanced to have a young sister in declining health, and he thought she resembled Rosa; with that thought came memories of home and its sanctities, which for the moment chased present harsh duty from his mind; and ere leaving Rosa's presence, after a cursory look over the apartments, this person said in a respectful manner, 'Madam, we regret to be obliged to do our duty so strictly, but a considerable reward is offered for him we seek.' Then lowering his voice till it became a murmur, inaudible to all but her he addressed, he continued, 'A watch will remain outside for a time; when the way is clear, you will receive by post a blank envelop.' He glanced significantly towards the clock; and while the blood rushed to poor Rosa's brow, she could only command a look and gesture of unutterable gratitude as he departed to superintend a fruitless search in the garden and outhouses.

What an ordeal had this scene proved to the faithful wife! In extenuation, however, of the officer's apparent dereliction of duty, we may here explain that the principal sufferer by Leavesley's guilt, having once felt himself under no small obligation to the criminal's mother, had given a confidential hint that he would not be much disappointed if the fugitive escaped.

For several succeeding days Rosa concealed her undeserving husband under her roof. The paucity of her visiting acquaintances made the task more easy, yet the conflict of feeling during the anxious interval strewed her dark tresses with many a gray hair. It was not fear of detection, or any personal terrors, that were the bitter ingredients of the cup prepared for her, but the too obvious truth forced on her mind, that the being with whose lot her own had been so fatally linked was still the same mean, selfish, and exacting character he had ever been. Had she witnessed, or could she have awaked, one repentant sigh or word, her sorrows had been mitigated, and she would have readily even shared his exile; but this was far from his thoughts: he even dared to look with cold-blooded complacency on Rosa's widow's habit and grief-worn frame.

On one of the days of Leavesley's concealment, Rosa walked abroad with her little boy. The sun's beams were cheering, though the air was wintry, and the infant Eugene was just trying his first tottering steps alone. At the top of the lane that led to her dwelling she saw the surly minion of justice deputed to watch over her premises, and would have passed on, as if unconscious who he was; but he hung a little on one side, and looked on her with an eye so penetrating, that she at once repented having left the house, and felt her best plan was to speak.

'Good-morning, friend!' she said as cheerfully as she could, though, in spite of every effort, her voice trembled. 'I hope your employers will soon relieve you from a very bootless, and, it must be, a very ungracious task. Would you not step to the cottage and get some refreshment?'

The man, totally subdued by her sweetness and kindness, thanked her respectfully, and patted and praised her beautiful child. Involuntarily she would have withdrawn him from the touch, but restraining herself, she continued her short stroll, and soon returned to find all things as she had left them.

One obvious anxiety weighed heavily on Rosa's mind: Leavesley trusted to her to raise a small sum of money to assist his escape, without which, indeed, all present precautions were fruitless. But Rosa had nothing she could call her own. Everything of any value she possessed had been before relinquished to supply one who scrupled at no means to provide for his own worthless indulgences. The little plate in her present abode had been provided by her for her use, and no sophistry could prevail on her to appropriate it as hers. The only plan within her reach, however, she had resolved to try, and only waited the opportunity—it was successful, because the pleader was meek and self-denying,

and the friend she appealed to was generous and unsuspicious; and thus it was:—Rosa's warm-hearted sister-in-law came to visit her, as was usual with her. This had been foreseen, and the fugitive was hidden in a closet, of which his wife kept the key. Mrs Kearney repeated her own and her husband's anxious desire that her gentle, heart-broken sister, should give up housekeeping, and, with her nurse and boy, occupy apartments in their large family dwelling. Rosa promised that she would at all events pay them a long visit after a fortnight or so. It required some vigilance to guard the conversation from wandering to the past; and little did her sister-in-law suspect that the uncomplaining wife was privy to the sad and disgraceful reports that had lately reached *them*, far less could she have any idea of the actual truth.

After an hour's interview, Rosa summoned courage to make her request.

'Ellen, dear,' she falteringly began, 'I can hardly bear to ask it, but some embarrassments I cannot avoid press on me just now—could you lend me fifteen or twenty pounds? I hope to repay you soon. When our uncle's little legacy becomes due, I shall have the means, you know.'—

'Why make apology for so easy a matter as that?' interrupted Mrs Kearney with affectionate frankness. 'You must have had additional expenses in your mourning. I will send it to you to-morrow.'

'Oh, thanks from the bottom of my poor heart!' sighed the relieved Rosa, while there was an unseen listener cursing her stupidity and obstinacy that she had not asked double the amount.

It may be believed that the wife, faithful, unflinching as she was, expected anxiously the promised signal. One morning the ground was covered with snow, and a letter lay on the breakfast-table, addressed in an unknown, but evidently disguised hand: with trepidation, she found it was 'a blank envelop.'

The succeeding night came on dark and thick, but the escape must be attempted. The faithful Judith guided the fugitive by a back way out of the village. Providence was pleased to give the wretched wanderer one more chance. A heavy fall of snow obliterated all trace of departing steps, and otherwise screened his progress; and on the third day a country lad put into Mrs Leavesley's hands a bit of soiled paper, on which were scrawled these words, 'On board the *Donna Juana* for Valparaiso—blessings on my angel wife!'

Thus was the tie between Arthur and Rosa severed for ever; but that scrap of paper was buried with her. Were this little story a fiction, it would not be concluded without recounting Leavesley's reformation, and his wife's reward in his future devotedness; but in real life, we believe a course of profligacy like his rarely ends thus favourably. Let the youthful, the innocent, and confiding beware how they peril their happiness on the forlorn-hope of reclaiming one who commences life by learning only to live for himself.

Having finally accepted of a home with her brother, it was some months ere Rosa could make any inquiries about the vessel Leavesley had embarked in. It never reached its destination! and the weeds Rosa had continued to wear, though only a widow in heart, were now indeed felt to be but due mourning for the dead. Her friends never knew aught of the fate of one whose memory they strove—and, as far as they were concerned, successfully strove—to bury in oblivion.

A little farther explanation will perhaps be acceptable. On the marriage of the young pair, a moderate but suitable jointure had been secured to Rosa over an entailed family property of the husband's. In the midst of his disgraceful necessities, it became an object of Arthur to procure the resignation of this deed from his too tender and facile wife. Her brother's care alone prevented the accomplishment of this purpose. Hence some of the violent scenes towards the unoffending wife: hence also the plan of the pretended death; for the elder Leavesley, who still lived, but had disowned and

discarded his son, would then be obliged to pay half the rent-charge to the widow; the rest would only accrue to her at the old gentleman's decease. Arthur then felt sure he should frighten or cajole Rosa into his measures, and receive from her supplies she could only have at her disposal subsequent to his death. This was the object—and no lingering tenderness of a better nature—of his last visit, and, alas! it is to be feared, the object even of his last note, tenderly as it was cherished.

After a time, Rosa regained—what the virtuous and self-denying seldom lose, except temporarily—her peace of mind. Her son was carefully brought up, and became everything she could desire. Cognisant of the painful cloud that had darkened his father's character and fate, he resigned the patrimony that had become his to discharge all the unlawfully-incurred obligations; and afterwards, in another hemisphere, strove, by a strenuous course of industry and good conduct, to earn for himself a name which his children might inherit without the blush that had so often crimsoned his own cheek. His mother now left him; and it was not till she had seen a young group of her Eugene's offspring rising around her that he at last closed her eyes. But even up to that solemn moment did thoughts of the wife's duty she had performed to her once-loved but unworthy husband recur, 'like the memories of joys that are past, pleasant though mournful to the soul.'

SOCIETY AMONG THE LEVANTINES.

THROUGHOUT Syria and Lower Egypt there is a particular division of the population known under the name of Levantines, which signifies those Christians of Eastern origin who live scattered in small groups among the Moslems. In manners, customs, and appearance, these people are scarcely distinguishable from their neighbours, and, with the exception of the leading tenets of their creed, there would seem to be very little in their minds or morals which they do not possess in common with the followers of Islam. Yet upon a near approach you discover many differences. Externally under the influence of the general public opinion of the country by which in many things they are compelled to conform with what their masters ordain, they cherish among themselves a subordinate public opinion which, though powerless so far as the Osmanlis and Arabs are concerned, acts with irresistible force within the narrow circle of its operation.

Of this small section of the population of Western Asia comparatively little is known in Europe. Travellers habitually disdain to associate with oppressed and ignoble races, whose peculiarities are supposed to offer little that would repay research. But this is founded in error. Taking our stand upon the peaks of Lebanon, and looking around us towards the east and towards the west, towards the north and towards the south, our eye can scarcely alight upon any community, however small, whose institutions and manners are not more deserving of study than those of the common masters of the country. Whatever the Turks were formerly, they have now almost ceased to be an interesting people. The same remark cannot of course be applied to the Arabs; but most of the extraordinary sects found in Syria or Egypt are of Arab origin; and precisely the same mental qualities which have invested Islamism in several countries of Western Asia with so many charms, have diffused an atmosphere of poetical superstition over the intellectual world of the Levantines, and of all those other sects, whether Christian or Mohammedan, which still lurk in obscurity among the Syrian mountains, or develop their strange ideas in the great cities of Egypt.

Most historians or travellers who have written on Asiatic Turkey have glanced more or less obscurely at the communities to which we allude: the Kadmoossims, the followers of Hakim Beamrillah, the Yezides, the

Ismailieh, the Aussarians, the Druzes, and other nests of heretics or pagans found in those regions. But who has yet penetrated into their inner life? Who has lived familiarly among them, and delineated with anything like authority their manners, opinions, and secret institutions? Nearly all that is popularly believed of them rests on rumours, in the highest degree vague and uncertain, though probably sufficient materials even now exist for unveiling the characters, manners, and mental idiosyncrasies of all these wild races.

Mr Bayle St John has proved, by a volume just published,* that some at least of these obscure communities are accessible to European curiosity. Arriving at Alexandria in the summer of 1846, and perceiving that there was nothing to be gained by associating with the Franks, he determined to acquire a knowledge of the Arabic, and to live almost exclusively among the natives. Perseverance might probably have opened to him the interior of a Moslem family, for, though prejudiced and bigotted, the Arabs are still a sociable people; but circumstances directed him towards the Levantines. Becoming acquainted with a Syrian family whose fanaticism had been in some degree mitigated by intermarriage with an Italian, he was admitted, as it were, behind the veil, and for two years lived habitually in an Eastern harem.

Possessing great powers of observation, and the talents necessary to record his impressions, he immediately set himself about keeping a journal, in which he chronicled his remarks, the stories and anecdotes he heard, and the accounts which one family or individual gave him of another. In this way his materials rapidly accumulated; for when on terms of familiarity, no people in the world are more communicative than the Orientals, who may literally be said to have no secrets from those whom they like. Mr St John, with singular felicity, takes us along with him in his experience, makes us thoroughly acquainted with Sitt Madoula, the widowed mistress of the family, with her son Iskender, her beautiful niece Wardeh, her relative Om Barbara, her intimate acquaintance Sitt Sopho, and even her slaves, Zara, Hannah, and so on. As might have been expected, the introduction of a Frank into the interior of a Levantine family could not be accomplished without much scandal. The priests were alarmed lest some rays of knowledge from the West should melt away the foundations of their empire; strange suspicions were excited in the minds of relatives lest the Sitt should conceive the dreadful design of uniting the beautiful Wardeh with the heretic from Frankistan. Other terrors, more shadowy and indefinite, shook the whole body of Levantine society in Alexandria, and a prodigious system of diplomacy was set on foot to defeat the Machiavelian policy of Sitt Madoula; but, in her way, this lady was quite a philosopher, having emancipated herself, partly perhaps by the aid of her deceased husband, from the tyranny of ecclesiastical influence, and acquired the rare courage to think, on some points at least, for herself. Besides, her son Iskender had conceived a friendship for the young Frank, and the Sitt being, above all things, an affectionate mother, set the inclinations of her son considerably before the wishes of the priests, and determined to act on her own independent convictions.

The history of these transactions, negotiations, and intrigues, is given with much naïveté and humour by Mr St John, but is unsusceptible of abridgment, because all the point consists in exhibiting at length the immense waste of ingenuity employed to accomplish nothing at all. By degrees, every obstacle having been removed, the traveller finds himself in his new residence, of which he took possession on the eve of the Ramadhan. As this belongs exclusively to Mohammedan life, we shall here enter into no description of it, though we happen to have witnessed it ourselves in the

* Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family. By Bayle St John. Chapman and Hall. 1850.

most interesting portion of the Nilobe Valley. On the occasion of adding a new member to the family, the Levantines of course could not avoid some small extra display of hospitality. It conveyed, however, no false ideas of their manner of living, for we may observe at once, that up to the latest day of his residence, Mr St John found Sitt Madoula and her family kind, affectionate, and disinterested, infinitely more desirous to render his residence agreeable than to convert it into a source of profit for themselves. Be this remembered to their credit especially, as all their goodness may be said to be spontaneous, since it is based on no artificial system of instruction, and derived from nothing external to themselves.

Being desirous of observing all the great features of Eastern life, Mr St John, on hearing the announcement of the commencement of Ramadhan, was desirous of going forth and mingling with the Moslem crowds; but to this Sitt Madoula objected, observing that his first supper as one of the family was preparing, and that he must not leave the house! 'Halil Adin, who, from having been a servant in the house, had become a small shopkeeper in one of the bazaars—*alias*, in the language of the country, a merchant—came into supper, and we three—I, he, and Iskender—sat down at a little round table crowded with messes. Soup in a pie-dish in one corner; a bowl of *melokeeyeh* (a glutinous kind of herb) in the middle; a plate of radishes supported on the edges of these two; a plate of *thababs*, or small pieces of mutton broiled on skewers here; a dish of rice there; flat cakes of bread thrust into every vacant place, with numerous limes, which are squeezed over every mess; three clean plates, one knife, four forks, two spoons; glasses placed on chairs by our sides, with some extra dishes; Sitt Madoula, stumping about on her stilt-like clogs to see that everything was right; Wardeh standing in the doorway with a water-cooler resting in the palm of her hand, ready to give us drink, and casting the beams of her bright eyes upon us; Ali lazily squatting down in the gallery outside; Hannah, the maid, endeavouring to be generally useful. Such were the elements of the scene as I remember it. I must not forget that Halil was famous as an enormous eater, and that the great joke at table was to count and exaggerate the number of bread-cakes he devoured. A few words of grace were rapidly uttered before and after the meal, during which water was the only drink. The Levantines eat very fast, start up as soon as they have done, and have water poured over their hands, which they also sometimes rub with lemon-juice, and then smoke.'

To give some idea of the other inmates of the house, we turn back a little, and extract a passage from Mr St John's description of his first visit to the Sitt:—'In the first place, Sitt Madoula was a comely dame of thirty-seven, with dark eyes and jet-black hair, somewhat carelessly arranged in front, and surmounted by a small tarboosh or red cap. Behind fell a profusion of small tresses, mixed with an immense number of oval-shaped gold spangles, hung upon plaits of braid. A kind of pelisse split down the sides, with long tails tucked up into her shawl in a not ungraceful manner, and large loose trousers, formed the principal articles of her costume. We could see also a coarse gauze chemise, beneath which her bosom, raised up, and pressed together, appeared in great prominence. The ancient beauties of Egypt do not show so much shoulder as their contemporaries in Europe, but they are still far too liberal in their exhibitions. Sitt Madoula, who was hovering between the two seasons, was more moderate in her costume than most others I have seen.'

Of the other members of the household we have the following sketch:—'A lachrymose-looking old lady, whose short legs, encased in white stockings—Sitt Madoula was barefoot—could be seen up to her knees as she sat for comfort on the floor, was always mentioned as Om Barbara—the mother of Barbara—which said Barbara was a laughing, saucy-looking, and little Levantine beauty, with her hair decked out with pearls, in

addition to the customary stream of braid and gold spangles behind. A tight rose-coloured satin vest showed off her fine shape; and being open in front, gave one ample opportunity, despite the feigned protection of a thin gauze chemise, of ascertaining the delicacy of her skin. She sat on the divan, in the midst of a perfect cloud of strawberry-patterned muslin trousers, from beneath which her small pretty feet, encased in yellow morocco slippers, just peeped forth. We had taken this family party quite by surprise, or else this dangerous little person would have been packed off into another room. She had been urged to go by her husband and others, whilst we were fumbling in the dark passages below and the staircase; but curiosity and wilfulness had induced her to hold out until it was too late. A young girl, who peeped in once or twice, had been taken by the shoulders and turned out on the very first announcement that the Franks were coming. I had afterwards ample opportunities of observing the half-and-half manner in which the Christian natives of the East imitate the harem regulations of the Moslems. An Englishman, as a Frank, and, above all, as a heretic, is more especially tabooed. Among their own race comparatively little restriction exists, most women showing themselves to whomever the husband invites to the house. In public, however, they always appear veiled, though less closely than the Moslems; and in church they invariably sit in a gallery shut in with lattice-work, too close for the curious eye to penetrate!'

No one can have lived for how short a time soever in the East without having observed the beauties of the cities by night, which invariably suggest to the imagination the idea of an unreal world beheld in a dream. At times, in Alexandria, the atmosphere puts on a European character, with pale fleecy clouds and an obscure moonlight. But farther south, especially within the tropics, there is a glowing richness in the night-scenes not easily conceivable or credible in the north. We remember to have come once by night upon a city of ruins, where bath and palace, mosque and minaret, cottage and caravansera, were mouldering beneath the slow touch of time. Heaps of hewn stones were piled up in various places, where war or earthquake had hurled some grand fabric to the dust, while here and there feathery mimosas and tremulous willows waved over the ruins in the delicious night breeze. Below, at a short distance, rolled the broad Nile, while the bright moon silvering the whole, and rendering it half-transparent, gave all we saw the appearance of a picture rather than of a reality.

In summer nights especially, when the wind blows from the desert, Alexandria itself is overhung by a sky of tropical purity. It is then delightful to walk abroad, to visit the deserted cemeteries, and climb the mounds, or stroll along the sea-beach. This, however, is a pleasure almost unknown to the Levantines, who, addicted to the early opening of shops, retire to bed shortly after nightfall, that they may be up in the morning with the lark. But Mr St John, by no means a Levantine on this point, describes his night rambles in Alexandria in a very picturesque manner. 'Usually,' he says, 'in my night rambles I found all silent and lonely. As soon as darkness begins to set in, the streets become rapidly deserted; women especially disappearing as if by magic. Some movement of the population continues for about an hour and a-half more; but after the gun fires, it is rare to meet a person even in the best inhabited streets; their aspect then became to me peculiarly picturesque. The forms of the houses are infinitely varied, and it is uncommon to see a single line that is horizontal or perpendicular; the terraced roofs are broken up with kiosks and sheds; the fronts are crowded with projecting windows, that seem to weigh the buildings on either side forward so as almost to make them touch. In some cases a pair of lovers might kiss from balcony to balcony; at others there is a little angular open place before a small mosque, with the scalloped parapet of its terrace and its light minaret faintly defined against

the sky—that is to say, even on starlight nights, when most of the streets seemed mere black defiles. When the moon shone, it was perfectly marvellous to see the distinctness with which every object manifested itself, even to the delicate tracery of the loftiest pinnacle; and how the reflection of the white walls aloft threw down a pale light into the gloomiest passages. In the ruined streets I often stopped to watch the moonbeams working their way in silver streams through broken walls and unlatticed windows, and giving a thousand fantastic shapes to uniform heaps of stones and wood-work.*

Of the population which circulates through these streets by day, few in common conversation speak of the picturesque. Their lives are spent in money-making; but when they come to erect a mosque, or build a house, or lay out a garden, their innate sense of the beautiful leads them to make a profuse display of what we call taste. Meanwhile, nothing can be more disjointed than their minds. They have no correct ideas of anything: no logic, no metaphysics; no power whatever of distinguishing between the possible and the impossible. What they excel in is faith. They can believe anything; and it may be observed that even Europeans who live much among them irresistibly acquire something of their credulous habit of mind.

Here, in Western Europe, we affect at least to entertain a profound reverence for truth. But in the East lying has been by many writers declared to be a virtue, because it is often the only shield which the weak have to interpose between themselves and ruin. The rulers of the earth endeavour to appropriate to themselves the whole gains of the industrious. The latter, as a matter of course, seek to outwit them, and a vast system of mental and moral tactics is called into play on both sides. Power has obviously less need of disguise and concealment than weakness, and therefore the Turks have obtained a better character for speaking the truth than the races subject to their sway. But their proceedings forcibly remind one of the witty sophism of Butler—

‘He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he who for convenience takes it.
So how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?’

If, however, like other people, the Orientals had an original bias towards truth, bad government has long ago cured them of it. They have now come to attach a sort of mysterious dignity to lying, especially the Levantines, who, oppressed, insulted, and plundered by the Turks, take refuge in the petty arts of untruth and iniquity for self-defence. Mr St John observes that ‘the natives of Egypt believe that there is great virtue in a lie; so that if dyers, for example, find that their dye in the vats take in an inferior manner, they think it incumbent on them to spread some report the most unfounded and absurd possible. If it obtain credit, the evil they complain of is at once remedied. I find in my journal the following specimen:—About ten days past the report came in that the inhabitants of a certain village were turned into black stones. All the Mohammedans, and most of the Levantines, believed in it; and it was currently stated that Said Pasha had set off at once to examine into the matter. Yusuf Id, however, who is a sagacious man, remarked that a courier just arrived from the neighbourhood knew nothing of these facts, which was a presumption that they were incorrect. The hoax was soon afterwards traced to the dyers.

‘It is not, however, one class of people only who believe in the magical efficacy of lying. If a man has two wives, one of them will somehow, in connection with a sorcerer, write a magic incantation to monopolise all his love, and cause the other to be neglected. The forlorn one has no other means to destroy the charm than to tell some horrible lie, and get it to be believed either by her husband or the public. In case of success, she is instantly reinstated in her rights. The Christians

have the same abominable superstition, and one morning I remember that Iskender came and swore most solemnly that he was going to Rosetta to collect some debts. The object was to remove a spell which had prevented him from effecting any important sale for three days—as I believed him, at least for a moment. It seems he was fortunate, and made a profit of ten dollars before I gave him a visit in the afternoon.’

Mr St John’s volume is full of stories and anecdotes, some of which illustrate the character of the Moslems as well as those of the Eastern Christians. In general, the former are the interesting and poetical people, being under the influence of more stirring beliefs and wilder and more original superstitions. In moral principles also they are perhaps superior, because they obey more strictly the injunctions of their faith. Still, the difference is not very great, as Mr Bayle St John, after carefully summing up the whole affair, admits.

From our observations and the passages we have selected, it will be obvious that Mr St John’s volume is full of interest, and contains a striking picture of an extremely peculiar phase of Eastern society. Some of the stories introduced are scarcely inferior to those in ‘The Arabian Nights.’ The style is easy and elegant, simple for the most part, but occasionally glowing with imagery. Few populations of the East have had so much justice done them as the Levantines in this volume, which is superior in interest and value to the same writer’s visit to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

SYDNEY SMITH’S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.*

The Royal Institution is an establishment situated in Albemarle Street, London, and is well known as containing professors of several of the sciences, who deliver lectures and carry on researches within its walls. It is a subscription institution, and is supported by the nobility and gentry of the metropolis. The fame of Davy, Young, Faraday, and other illustrious professors, has made its name familiar wherever physical science is known.

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, the Rev. Sydney Smith delivered short courses of lectures on the human mind, choosing a different subject in each successive year; and the whole of the three courses are now reprinted from the notes, and given to the world as an additional contribution by their celebrated author to the instruction and amusement of the reading public. As no other work of his makes any approach to a systematic exposition of the laws and workings of the human mind, these lectures have the aspect of an entirely fresh composition. The public were by no means prepared to find Sydney Smith becoming a rival to Reid and Stewart, or to hear his name classed among the writers necessary to be known to the student of metaphysical science. Yet such is the fact; and it may be fairly asserted, that so long as the writings of Adam Smith, Reid, Campbell, Stewart, Brown, or Alison, continue to be authorities in this department of science, it will be worth while to read along with them the expositions furnished by this renowned laughing philosopher.

The courses comprise the subjects of the Understanding, Taste, and the Active Powers, following the divisions adopted by Reid and Stewart. The subdivisions of the two first are very much in accordance with those writers; but in the last branch, the active powers, the author boldly takes wing in an independent flight of his own, being dissatisfied with Reid’s excessive multi-

* Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy. Delivered at the Royal Institution in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. London: Printed for Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster Row. 1850.

plication of the separate powers and faculties of the mind. All through, he attempts the reduction of the phenomena to as few first principles as possible; but it is only in the treatment of the Active Powers that he may be said fairly to overdo the thing, and to contribute fresh confusion, instead of new light, to a difficult subject. He sees nothing in any of the passions, affections, desires, loves, and hatreds of humanity, but the consequences of one or other of the two facts recognised under the names of the love of pleasure and the dread of pain.

The merits and recommendations of a metaphysical book, as of any other scientific book, may be very various. There may be a positive advance made towards clearing out and ascertaining the first principles and fundamental ideas lying at the root of the well-known but ill-understood phenomena of the mind; in other words, the work may be eminently philosophical by being successful in its simplification and analysis of the facts of the subject. Or the recognised facts and appearances may be brought together, classified, defined, and illustrated, by interesting examples, without any attempt being made to reduce them to their component first principles, or most simple elementary facts; the operations of memory, reason, imagination, taste, beauty, affection, conscience, may be all detailed and bodied forth in instances, and the writer refrain all the time from endeavouring to reduce these several compounds into their primitive constituents; he may do his utmost to improve our acquaintance with these powers as they appear to the ordinary human eye, without feeling himself able to seize the Creator's point of view, which would represent the ultimate strings that set the whole in motion. Moreover, without much of clearness in the delineation of the various faculties even thus grossly taken, a writer may make an interesting book by stringing together a number of striking facts, incidents, and pictures of human nature and human life; or by bringing out into relief some vein of feeling or sentiment, as is done in histories, poetry, and romance, and call his book a work on the human mind. A powerful and richly-cultivated mind arrests our attention in almost any way that it chooses to exercise itself; even if it should fail in its professed aim, it succeeds in something else; and it is not every reader that complains of a work pretending to be scientific that it is in fact poetical or romantic.

If, then, a work on the mind may be an analysis, a delineation, or a string of interesting pictures, allusions, and discussions, the reader may ask which does the present fall under? The reply, according to the best of our judgment, and as well as a few words can describe a complex thing, is, that it is a tolerable analysis, a splendid delineation, and a rich mine of amusing and inspiring pictures and incidents of the kind already well known to the world through the other writings of the author.

If we consider that nearly half a century of active thinking has elapsed since these lectures were written; that the author, although a man of very high ability and intelligence, was not pre-eminent in analytical faculty; that he had not studied the subject for any great length of time, or with much undivided attention—we shall not expect his work to be of much value at the present day as an accurate analysis or strict scientific resolution of the complicated problems of human nature. Any one taking it in this light would only become more ignorant, by being made more mistaken, by its perusal. The exposition of the senses is worth nothing in a scientific point of view, and the analysis of the active powers is worth less than nothing, and does not even deserve the compliment of a refutation.

But of such merits as the book has, which are neither

few nor small, we shall now present a few specimens to the reader, who will no doubt expect to be treated, in preference to all other things, to some fresh examples of the irresistible comic creations that have so often set the world in a roar.

The first three lectures are occupied with the history of moral philosophy; and although, as a history of philosophy, nothing could well be less deserving of attention, yet, as a string of rich and racy pictures and illustrations, few histories can compare with it. Here, as everywhere, he brings the subject thoroughly within the comprehension of the most ordinary reader; and if it is intrinsically dry or dull, he adds an interest to it from his inexhaustible fountains of wit and richness of composition. Take the following remarks on Socrates as an example:—"The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines contains nothing very new or very brilliant, but comprehends those moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood; but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries—two thousand years since common sense was not invented. If Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung, in bad verses, such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces; and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs Trimmer—both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings to the practical rules of life—he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plough, and Bacchus of intoxication."

Equally amusing is his account of the chequered reputation of Aristotle:—"Whoever is fond of the biographical art, as a repository of the actions and the fortunes of great men, may enjoy an agreeable specimen of its certainty in the life of Aristotle. Some writers say he was a Jew; others that he got all his information from a Jew—that he kept an apothecary's shop, and was an atheist; others say, on the contrary, that he did not keep an apothecary's shop, and that he was a Trinitarian. Some say he respected the religion of his country; others that he offered sacrifices to his wife, and made hymns in favour of his father-in-law. Some are of opinion he was poisoned by the priests; others are clear that he died of vexation, because he could not discover the causes of the ebb and flow in the Euripus. We now care or know so little about Aristotle, that Mr Fielding, in one of his novels, says—"Aristotle is not such a fool as many people believe, who never read a syllable of his works."

The following passage expresses with great force the growth of our intellectual capabilities by exercise and habit:—"What a prodigious command, for instance, over all those associations which are productive of wit, must the head wit of such a city as this or Paris have acquired in twenty years of facetiousness—having been accustomed, for that space of time, to view all the characters and events which have fallen under his notice with a reference to these relations! What an enormous power of versification must Pope have gained after his translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey!" so that no combination of words or inflection of sounds could possibly have been new to him; and he must have almost meditated in hexameters, and conversed in rhyme. What a powerful human being must that man become who, beginning with original talents, has been accustomed, for half his life, to the eloquence of the bar or the senate! No combination of circumstances can come before him for which he is unprepared: he is always ready for every purpose of defence and attack; and

trusts, with the most implicit confidence, to that host of words and images which he knows, from long experience, will rise up at any moment of exigence for his ornament and support.

His first course, comprising the Intellect, comprehends two vigorous lectures on the conduct of the understanding, full of good sense and powerful exhortation, and concluding with a panegyric upon the love of knowledge, which sounds fresh and animating, in spite of the millions of addresses on the subject delivered during the succeeding six-and-forty years. And we can remark through the whole of this work an intense sentiment in favour of the pursuit of knowledge, which must be set down as a leading characteristic of the mind of the author, although only one of the ordinary consequences of a superior intellect.

The second course, which comprehends Wit and Humour, Taste, the Beautiful and the Sublime, is full of the most interesting and enlivening delineations, and is in many parts of its analysis successful and happy.

That Sydney Smith should be entertaining on wit and humour, we expect as a matter of course. Other expounders must cull and select their instances of these qualities: he can both cull and create. Incongruity, according to him, is the chief ingredient in the ludicrous; and he is no doubt correct so far as the term incongruity is itself definite; but as all sorts of incongruity are not witty or humorous, some special limitation or qualification must be put upon the term. Here is one of his examples:—'As you increase the incongruity, you increase the humour; as you diminish it, you diminish the humour. If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here every incident heightens the humour of the scene—the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage!'

Under taste he requires to discuss the influence of association in making things agreeable that are not so intrinsically. But association cannot explain all cases of agreeable emotion. 'That there are some tastes originally agreeable I think can hardly be denied; and that Nature has originally, and independently of all associations, made some sounds more agreeable than others, seems to me, I confess, equally clear. I can never believe that any man could sit in a pensive mood listening to the sharpening of a saw, and think it as naturally agreeable and as plaintive as the song of a linnet; and I should very much suspect that philosophy which teaches that the odour of superannuated Cheshire cheese is, by the constitution of nature, and antecedent to all connection of other ideas, as agreeable as that smell with which the flowers of the field thank Heaven for the gentle rains, or as the fragrance of the spring when we inhale from afar "the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale,"'

In discussing the beautiful, where he is, as usual, the opposite of everything that is dry or abstruse, he considers the effects of the various ingredients that enter into beauty; but he cannot agree with Burke as to the admissibility of *smallness* as an ingredient. 'If smallness were one cause of beauty, we should have remarked it in the great mass of amatory poetry, which has been accumulating since the beginning of the world: the lover would have told his mistress, from time immemorial, that she was so short, that she could walk under his arm; that she weighed less by twenty or thirty pounds than any other beauty in the neighbourhood;

that he solemnly believed her only to be five feet; and he would have diminished her down by elegant adulation to think as lowly of herself as possible.'

The effects of utility and adaptation to ends in exciting the emotion of beauty he exemplifies by the following case:—'Go to the Duke of Bedford's piggery at Woburn, and you will see a breed of pigs with legs so short, that their stomachs trail upon the ground; a breed of animals entombed in their own fat, overwhelmed with prosperity, success, and farina. No animal could possibly be so disgusting if it were not useful; but a breeder, who has accurately attended to the small quantity of food it requires to swell this pig out to such extraordinary dimensions—the astonishing genius it displays for obesity—and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth nippence a pound—such an observer of its utility does not scruple to call these otherwise hideous quadrupeds a beautiful race of pigs.'

The feeling of the sublime has been much more successfully analysed than the far more complex feeling of beauty; and on it our author is to a great degree scientifically correct, as well as pictorially brilliant. His illustrations of the sublime, both natural and moral, are well chosen and grand. One of them is worth quoting:—'Everybody possessed of power is an object either of awe or sublimity, from a justice of peace up to the Emperor Aurengzebe—an object quite as stupendous as the Alps. He had thirty-five millions of revenue, in a country where the products of the earth are at least six times as cheap as in England: his empire extended over twenty-five degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude: he had put to death above twenty millions of people. I should like to know the man who could have looked at Aurengzebe without feeling him to the end of his limbs, and in every hair of his head! Such emperors are more sublime than cataracts. I think any man would have shivered more at the sight of Aurengzebe than at the sight of the two rivers which meet at the Blue Mountains in America, and, bursting through the whole breadth of the rocks, roll their victorious and united waters to the Eastern Sea.'

Two lectures devoted to the faculties of beasts are highly creditable to the author's sagacity and boldness. At a time when it was usual to attribute instincts exclusively to the lower creation, he came forward and maintained the existence in them of the same kind of intellectual operations as we find in man, and produced the most indubitable examples of brute memory and reasoning. He also exposes, in a vigorous strain of mixed eloquence and humour, the childishness of our entertaining any jealousy of the brutes, or any fear that the distinction between us and them will be obliterated by such an admission. Without derogating from the superiority that man derives from his mental endowments, he illustrates, in the most entertaining fashion, the advantages we gain by our other peculiarities, such as length of life, gregarious nature, stature, and the capabilities of the human hand. 'If we lived seven hundred years instead of seventy, we should write better epic poems, build better houses, and invent more complicated mechanism, than we do now. I should question very much if Mr Milne could build a bridge so well as a gentleman who had engaged in that occupation for seven centuries; and if I had had only two hundred years' experience in lecturing on moral philosophy, I am well convinced I should do it a little better than I now do. . . . A lion lies under a hole in a rock; and if any other lion happens to pass by, they fight. Now whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress.'

In commencing his third course, on the Active Powers, he reverts again to the great practical subject of the conduct of the understanding, and discusses the ways and means of intellectual improvement. Dissertations of far less merit for sound sense, discrimination,

and powerful manly expression, have passed for wisdom on this subject; but we cannot afford more than a single quotation, containing an advice to any young men that may have fallen into the bad habit of contradicting:—'I would recommend to such young men an intellectual regimen, of which I myself, in an earlier period of life, have felt the advantage; and that is, to assent to the two first propositions that they hear every day; and not only to assent to them, but, if they can, to improve and embellish them; and to make the speaker a little more in love with his own opinion than he was before. When they have a little got over the bitterness of assenting, they may then gradually increase the number of assents, and so go on as their constitution will bear it; and I have little doubt that in time this will effect a complete and perfect cure.'

Although we consider the resolution of the whole of the active impulses of man into mere feelings of pleasure and pain, or into products growing out of these, as very indifferent science, yet the author's exposition and delineation of the affections, passions, desires, and habits, makes very good reading. If, for example, his explanation of the emotions of tragedy is not very philosophical, his illustrations of it are very acceptable:—'I have no doubt that to an Indian audience the loss of a piece of venison might be the basis of a tragedy which would fill every eye with tears; but, on the contrary, they might be very likely to laugh to hear a man complain of his wounded honour, if it turned out that he had ten days' provision beforehand in his cabin.'

The work concludes with a passage of powerful eloquence on the influence of the passions. A portion of it is all we can make room for:—'The passions are in morals what motion is in physics: they create, preserve, and animate; and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that cobweb veil with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, *Æneas* saw the gods themselves at work, so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!'

The tendency of a perusal of the whole book is to confirm our previous impressions of the author's character, and perhaps to enlarge our notions of his scientific and metaphysical capacity. Although a man of powerful intelligence, the addition of equally powerful feelings prevented him from being a dry and subtle intellectual machine. He had a warm and generous nature, shown to the general public in his love of liberty, and his intense hatred of everything intolerant and bigotted. His love of knowledge, modified by strong human sympathies, made him an extensive reader of poetry, histories, travels, and delineations of mankind; of all which he could avail himself reproductively in enriching and enlivening his own writings with eloquence and wit. We can trace likewise a few of his favourite subjects of ludicrous illustration and banter. The antediluvian longevity especially took his fancy; and among the standing objects of his fire was the medical profession, on whom perhaps the severest of

his many allusions was that where he recognises a college of physicians, or other licensing corporation, as at one stroke dispensing with the sixth commandment over the three kingdoms.

NOTES ON MUSIC.

It was a remark highly characteristic of the rustic but original genius of Bunyan, that 'as far as human knowledge or notions went, only man, small birds, and angels, had the power of singing.' To some human notions, the grouping, in which man occupies the lowest place, would appear rather invidious; but perhaps the popular allegorist gave it according to his own estimation of musical merit. There have been those who preferred the singing of birds to that of their own species. It was probably the first earthly harmony, and it has flowed on without change or discord through a thousand generations. Heard no matter where, it is still associated with all the memories of greenwoods and fields, which peasant men have known, and poets bequeathed to the world. Who does not remember Wordsworth's picture of the country maid lingering to hear a thrush sing in a London alley, and dreaming of the dell where she had heard such music last?

Naturalists say that birds sing only for joy, and it may be so, in spite of dingy rooms and cages; but human song has a range as wide as that of thought and feeling, and a voice for every variation of our outward or inward life. Doubtless music is intuitive to man, as it is to the thrush and the redbreast, but analogous to the more extensive laws of his progressive existence. All nations sing; and in the lowest stage of civilisation are found rudiments of the harmonious art in the form of air or tune. Among mere savages these are generally monotonous. A missionary mentions that he heard a native of New Guinea sing for upwards of an hour the praises of his deceased chief, but the air was entirely composed of two notes—A on the ascending, and B on the descending scale—being repeated in regular and constant succession. The performer accompanied his song by as regularly rising on the toes of one foot, and sinking on the other; but this companionship of melody and motion is as ancient as song itself, and evidently the parent of dancing.

Among the ancient Greeks various pantomimic gestures were the prescribed accompaniments of different kinds of music, and sometimes one person performed while another gesticulated. Instrumental accompaniments of some description are also known among the rudest tribes: perforated reeds, ox-horns, and great sea-shells, are the most primitive assistants of harmony. Among old and early-civilised nations it is remarkable how little proficiency was made in the construction of musical instruments. The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings. The Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand. The Jewish flute was the same as the Egyptian. Their trumpet was a ram's horn; and they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast was the psaltery, a small triangular harp with wire strings struck with an iron rod. According to Josephus, two hundred thousand musicians with such appliances performed at some of their great national festivals; and the effect on modern ears may be imagined.

Of all the numerous instruments employed in our times, the oldest and most widely-known are the drum, harp, and bagpipe. The first of these, simple as its construction is, has literally played an important part in music. It originated in the north of Asia, and was for more than two thousand years the only instrument known to the rude and roving Tatars. They used it alike in war and in worship, attributing to its sound some mystic influence in the conquest of their enemies and the propitiation of their gods. In the memory of neighbouring nations it was for ages connected with the

devastating marches of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane; and the frontier villages of Hungary and Poland long retained traditions of the Tatar drum, heard through the wilds at midnight, and believed to be beaten by evil spirits. From the Turcoman hordes the Crusaders introduced it into the military bands of Europe, which before their time consisted only of trumpeters; but something of the Tatar trust seems to have attended its progress in Christendom, for a historian of the period gravely attributes the capture of Constantinople by the Venetians to the fact, that they advanced to the assault with a mighty sound of drums, which so terrified the Greeks, that they believed the skies were falling, and took no thought for their city. The wild tale of John Tisca, a Bohemian leader of the fifteenth century, who was said to have laid a dying injunction on his followers to construct a drum of his skin, in order that he might still serve against their enemies, though scarcely authentic, bears witness to the ancient prestige of the drum; and it is curious that Napoleon employed twice as many drummers as were ever before retained in the French army.

The harp is of very doubtful origin. Some say it was invented by the Harpii, an ancient people of Italy, from whom its name was derived; others that it was a product of Scandinavia; but certain it is that this instrument was in special honour and request among all the Celtic nations. By the ancient laws of Wales, it was one of the three things the possession of which constituted a gentle, or rather a free man, and which could not be seized for debt, as their disappearance would infallibly occasion a loss of caste to the owner. The remaining two were a horse and a sword, but the harp was the principal; and in the spirit of tyrannical barbarism, it was forbidden that the peasantry—who were all serfs—should ever be taught its use. In Ireland the harp was invested with a sort of prophetic power. One tradition relates that at a feast given to the O'Neills by the lords of the English Pale, an Irish bard was warned of intended treachery by his harp, on which he could play nothing but a wild war-tune, when endeavouring his best to enliven the festival. The harp is believed to have been used in Scotland before the introduction of the bagpipe, though that is of considerable antiquity. The latter instrument is remarkable as being known to the most distant times and nations. The rustic deity Silenus is represented in antique bas-reliefs as summoning his worshippers by the sound of the bagpipe; the Italian peasants of the Abruzzi play upon it before their household image of the Virgin on festival eves; and it is the principal instrument of the Celestial Empire.

In Gothic sculpture and tracery angels are sometimes portrayed practising on the bagpipe. It was occasionally used in churches before the introduction of the organ, which occurred early in the fifteenth century. Written music came into use about the same time, and both were loudly denounced by many of the old schoolmen as unnecessary and vain innovations. Speaking of sacred music, it may be observed that metrical hymns and choirs were first introduced by Gregory the Great; and previous to his day a kind of chant or recitative only was employed. We also owe our present gamut to an ecclesiastic of the eleventh century, and its name originated from a note which he designated by the Greek letter gamma, identical with our G.

The crude and complex state of musical notation in earlier ages may be guessed from the fact, that the polished and ingenious Greeks had no less than nine hundred and ninety notes in their scale. The earliest mode of printing music was by means of plates. Some of them, made of wood, are still extant, and were cut in the year 1473. Since the invention of our gamut, church music particularly has made rapid progress, and no system of religion has ever yet received so much of song into its service as Christianity—thus proving the friendship of the latter to the most elevating of natural influences. The practice of vocal music has been always

popular, even with sects that extended no patronage to the other fine arts. The Methodists, with all their varieties in England and America—the Moravians and Memonites of Germany—are rich in the quantity if not the quality of their hymns, and proverbially harmonious singers.

Savages have no song, as we employ the term, their performances being strictly occasional pieces. The Indian chief sings his death-song, and the African mother apostrophises her departed child; but all are extemporary—a passing expression of the feelings of the moment, through which at times, though rarely, there shines a vein of native but rude poetry, which is neither recalled nor transmitted. There is no substitute with them for the popular verse and refrain, which our peasant of a former age learned from his mother, or conned from the broadsheet, and which a few pence will now purchase by scores, with comments and airs attached. Songs, however, appear in a comparatively primitive stage of civilisation. A traveller in Nubia some years ago made an English translation of one of that country's songs. It was sung by a native who had joined his company in Lower Egypt, but remained subdued, and almost silent, till the frontiers of his land were gained, when his spirits suddenly rose, and he astonished them all by volunteering to sing as the party sat round their evening fire. His song exhibits a most familiar vein of Nubian life, and a glimpse of those better doings which, though but scarce at the best, it is possible to meet with in every gradation of humanity. Therein a lady, whose early attractions had been stolen away by successive years, relates her husband's determination to displace her in favour of a younger spouse, and his chagrin because, though a divorce was easily obtained, yet the poultry, which constitute the best part of a Nubian peasant's property, are always the first wife's jointure, and would be carried off by her. Under these circumstances the refrain—'Isn't my hen-house dear to me?'—seems both natural and appropriate. But the dame goes on to tell, that finding her husband hopelessly smitten by the new face, she resolved to be no longer in his way, but 'Went her rival home to call, and gave her henhouse, hens, and all;' on which the African worthy, either learning at last the real worth of what he was about to lose, or suspecting, with sagacious selfishness, that her youthful successor might prove less devoted, absolutely refused to admit the latter to possession, and induced his old wife to remain, with a promise of never again wavering in his allegiance 'till men should comb his burial locks: so now success to hens and cocks,' concludes the lady, with another reference to her esteem of the henhouse. 'The air,' says its translator, 'was light and lively, and I have heard many like it in Nubia.' It is indeed remarkable that African attempts at music are generally of a similar character, even to the negro melodies, with all the alterations and additions to which they have been subjected by American and British performers.

It has been well said that the history of most European nations might be gathered from their songs. This is pre-eminently true of Britain; every change in her public mind or political state may be traced for centuries through the floating fragments of songs and ballads. The destroying War of the Roses, the tumults of the Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and the protracted strife of Cavalier and Roundhead, with its intervening fear of popery—all have been chanted, down to the Revolution of 1688, the Jacobite Rebellions, and the dread of Bonaparte. It is strange to meet in those old airs and rhymes the themes that agitated perished generations, and are now scarcely remembered; but they are almost the only medium through which glances can be caught of the mental history of the masses, unrecorded as it is by either sage or chronicler. Legislators, especially in untaught and arbitrary times, often put forth their power against adverse songs.

It is remarkable that Asia has no political songs. Empires have risen and fallen, creeds prevailed and

sunk, without leaving a single rhyme in the memory of the people; but this is characteristic of all despotic states. Italy, with her acknowledged musical genius, is known to have the fewest political songs of any country in Europe, excepting Russia, where the burthen of all the peasants' ditties is the grandeur of the czar and the exactions of the boyards; but these lays have little variety.

In countries more advanced, every movement has its songs, and those of different periods vary considerably in the quality of the composition. The best songs of Spain relate to the Moorish times; of France, to the days of the Empire; and those of Germany belong to the present century. Of the British kingdoms, Scotland has the richest treasury of songs, both old and new; while the entire singing stock of England is remarkably inferior; and the finest songs of Ireland are those of discontent and agitation. The affinity of Scottish and Irish music is a matter of notoriety, and their similarity seems strange, considering the difference of national history and character; but both had their well-springs in the Celtic times, when the isles were occupied by one people. The popular airs of Ireland are almost entirely of Celtic origin; and it is remarkable that after the lyrical contributions of Moore, and many less celebrated poets, a great number of them still remain without words. Whether the verses to which they were adapted have perished in the decay of the Gaelic language, or whether they ever had any, is not now ascertainable; but they continue to prove the immense proficiency of the Celtic race in music compared with their progress in any of its sister arts, or in literature. Yet the composers were, as among every primitive people, poets also—the title of bard always including both professions; and under this denomination the English governors issued several severe edicts against them, as idle vagabonds and fomenters of rebellion. The order, however, lingered on till comparatively modern times, evincing considerable genius, and wearing their *cauback*, or canonical dress, which must have originated in an early stage of civilisation, as it consisted of a robe and mantle entirely composed of plaited rushes, with a conical cap and tassels of the same. The last who appeared thus attired in public was Jerome Duigennan, who lived about the middle of the last century; and the occasion was that of a musical combat between him and a Welsh harper, which came off in the Irish House of Commons before the hours of business, and was attended by all the members.

It is worthy of remark, that though music and poetry have always been united in the earliest ideas of nations, and the oldest poems, even those of Homer, are said to have been sung by their author, yet, since the revival of literature in Europe, there has appeared no individual who was great in both departments. On the contrary, many persons eminent for poetical abilities have been regardless of music as an art; admiring more the simple peasant airs of their respective countries than the most elaborate opera or difficult sonata. Sir Walter Scott cared only for songs the words of which pleased him; Byron said that to him opera music seemed only a succession of extraordinary sounds; and Goethe listened to nothing with such pleasure as the old songs and hymns of Germany. Philosophers have rarely been partial to artistic displays of music. Lamorte used to say that 'life was too short to expend part of it in learning to make a noise.' But he had no ear for harmony, vocal or instrumental.

The first attempts at opera music were made at Florence in 1597; but it was rather an imitation of the chant employed by the ancient Greek chorus, and sometimes used in the most serious subjects. The father of Galileo the astronomer composed in a similar manner music for the entire Lamentations of Jeremiah, and sang them to his violin in presence of large assemblies. All the dramas of that period were on religious subjects; but the oldest of the operatic kind is said to have been performed at Venice in honour of Henry III.,

when he visited that city on his journey from Poland, the throne of which he had resigned to receive the crown of France. Those compositions were followed by the masques, so dear to the courts of Elizabeth and all her successors, till the accession of the Hanoverian line, when something like the present theatrical music began to exist.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

We have occasionally drawn attention to the fact, that chiefly through the exertions of Sheriff Watson, Aberdeen took and has kept the lead in the matter of Schools of Industry for reclaiming vagrant children. Those who take an interest in this subject will be glad to learn that success the most eminent has attended the operation of these schools. With slender funds picked up from the benevolent—the bulk of the people giving nothing—the schools have weathered every difficulty, and the results exceed all ordinary expectation. To show the good effects which have been produced, we may state a few facts gathered from a printed paper just put into our hands, purporting to be an abstract of certain particulars respecting the rural constabulary of Aberdeenshire from April 1841 to April 1850.

The vagrants apprehended in 1841 were 928 men, 1203 women, and 328 children—total 2459. From this year there is a gradual but small decrease till 1845, when the Industrial Schools were fully in operation. After 1845 the decrease of vagrancy becomes remarkable. In the year ending April 1846, the vagrants apprehended were 510 men, 617 women, and 14 children; in 1847, 381 men, 531 women, and 6 children; in 1848, 429 men, 458 women, and 6 children; in 1849, 505 men, 400 women, and 1 child; and in 1850, 523 men, 387 women, and 2 children. Thus, in nine years, the total number of vagrants has sunk from 2459 to 912. The most marked decline, however, is in the number of vagrant children, which has sunk from 328 to 2. Practically, juvenile vagrancy and crime have been extirpated in Aberdeenshire. Perhaps this result is not altogether imputable to the Industrial Schools: we observe that from 1841 to 1850, the number of rural constables has increased from 17 to 37 (expense of constabulary increased only from L.1185 to L.1385), and a sharper practice of picking up vagrants, or turning them back at the borders of the county, may have had its due influence. At all events, these are the facts, which offer matter for serious inquiry and consideration.

From a variety of papers which have reached us, we are inclined to believe that the subject of juvenile pauperism, vagrancy, and crime, has been more closely and practically investigated in Aberdeenshire than elsewhere. The success of the Schools of Industry in that part of the country has suggested to their supporters that the whole state of the law in relation to young criminals is defective. For example, to take up a deserted and ignorant child for stealing, and deal with him as if he were a responsible being, is believed to be a scandalous abuse of power, and, to say the least of it, demoralising; for, as destitute children are better treated in prison than out of it, they care not how often they are convicted and imprisoned. According to Mr Watson, there are at all times and in all places a certain number of improvident and wicked parents, who pay no attention whatever to their children; leave them to beg, or steal, or to play about the streets all day long; and who would, on the whole, be rather glad if their progeny died than otherwise. The law provides no sort of punishment for these monsters. It takes a parent to task for deserting his child; but there is a kind of misusage infinitely worse than desertion, and it is this the law neglects. Take a case that lately came under our notice. A widower in good health and employment took no care whatever of his children. They were taught nothing, and knew nothing. Allowed to go in rags, these rags were never taken off, the poor little creatures huddled together for warmth among

dirty straw at night, and they vagranded during the day; if they got any food at home, it was chiefly raw meal. The charity of neighbours ultimately did something to mitigate this dismal state of affairs, but the law could not get at the parent. If he preferred bringing up his children like wild beasts, it was nobody's business. Now what is wanted is a power of reaching persons of this class. Whether their negligence arises from natural weakness of mind or from perversity, is of little consequence; the harm they inflict on society is the same. To this class of persons, various in their degrees of improvidence, may be traced the great mass of juvenile wretchedness and precocious depravity. It will be said that Schools of Industry, by administering food as well as instruction to vagrant children, must have the effect of augmenting the number of improvidents. But with judicious management this result is not observable. Sheriff Watson tells us that the number of improvident parents is not sensibly increased in Aberdeen. If we understand him rightly, improvidence exists in a fixed quantity: in every population, look after it as you will, the stock of improvidence keeps up. The means adopted to check intemperance, to cultivate and refine feelings, will in time, it is to be hoped, lessen the proportion of drunkards and bad managers; but at present we must take society as we find it, and legislate accordingly.

But on whom should the duty fall of rectifying an evident and gross abuse? A certain number of badly-behaved persons turn their children into the streets; these children are so much of a nuisance, that benevolent persons, though not well able to afford it, catch them, send them to school, and give them food and education—their only reward being the hope of checking crime in the bud. These people are clearly doing what the public should do: they are giving themselves a world of trouble with what is properly no business of theirs as individuals.

Against this burthen upon private charity we raise our unqualified protest. If it is the duty of society to hang felons, it is equally the duty of society to prevent children from growing up to be felons. In some measure to reach the evil, Mr Watson and others connected with the Aberdeenshire Prisons Board suggest that a law should be enacted to give magistrates the power of capturing vagrant and neglected children, and sending them to an Industrial School, with recourse against the parent, or against the parish if the parent is a pauper. When the child is incorrigible, and repeatedly deserts the school for the sake of vagabondising, the sheriff, with the concurrence of a jury of seven persons, shall be entitled to pronounce a sentence of expatriation. According to the proposed bill, the exile is to be subject for a time to a colonial school of reform; but as this would involve a heavy expense, it might be sufficient that he was apprenticed in the colonies to any respectable party who might desire his services. There may be objections to the expatriating part of the plan, but none, we think, to the scheme of compulsory attendance at school at the expense of the parent. So far we cordially assent to the proposal. A child put into prison costs the country £20 per annum; whereas the cost of his maintenance at an Industrial School is but £5 per annum; at Aberdeen it is only £3, 10s. We almost fear, however, that the proposal to substitute prevention for punishment of crime has little chance of meeting serious attention from the legislative mind of the country. Members of parliament, from their habits and associations, are not yet prepared by out-of-door discussion to give heed to the subject; and we regret to learn that one of the metropolitan daily papers has thought fit to throw out suspicions as to the efficacy of Ragged Schools in preventing crime; indeed the said paper rather goes the length of averring that these schools, by promoting the intercourse of the vicious, tend to foster crime among the juvenile wanderers of the streets. This allegation is doubtless far from the truth. Ragged or Industrial Schools, when carefully conducted, as we believe them

generally to be, are effecting no small good; though it is tolerably clear that until some practical and cheap plan of removing neglected children to fields of usefulness in the colonies be adopted—for it must come to that—the system of reclamation will remain incomplete.

We are able to state that in Edinburgh, and also in Glasgow, the Industrial Schools which were some time ago established have been the means of reclaiming large masses of poor and neglected children, and lessening the number of criminal cases brought before the tribunals. It must, however, be added, that the streets of the above cities are still disfigured with troops of loitering children in rags, who either will not attend the Schools of Industry, or are, on various grounds, not eligible for admission. To gather up these fragments of the juvenile population, charity schools of a different class make the most earnest and praiseworthy efforts. In Glasgow an attempt has been made to reach the utterly neglected children of the streets by means of Sunday schooling. The association which professes to follow out this plan appears, from a report that has come into our hands, to have been remarkably successful. At present two schools are in operation: they are conducted by 24 teachers, who act gratuitously, and are attended by 250 children. No child is admitted who attends any other school. The benefits of the institution are open only to 'destitute and neglected orphans; to children whose parents are unable to pay for their education, or indifferent whether they receive any; to such as are sent early to work, and who, from exhaustion of body, if taught at all, must be taught on Sunday; in short, to the poorest, the most ignorant, the most helpless children that can be got.' The progress made by this benevolent scheme—which embraces instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, along with a simple kind of religious and moral admonition—is stated in the report to be very gratifying. A collection of disorderly and ignorant children has, by dint of culture, been transformed into a body of well-behaved youth, fitted for earning their bread in a creditable manner.

We have had no opportunity of knowing anything personally of these schools, but should hope they meet with the encouragement of benevolently-disposed individuals. They show what can be done by zeal tempered with the kindest spirit of Christianity; reminding us of what has been done elsewhere—Aberdeen for one place—in getting up Ragged Churches—a new class of places for public worship on Sundays, which have been opened exclusively for the benefit of the neglected, the ragged, the miserable—that great non-descript class whose harbourage is on the confines of crime and poverty, and with which every large city alarmingly abounds.

THE NAMELESS SHELL.

ON the Boulevard Montmartre, in Paris, may be seen a shop devoted to the sale of various curiosities in natural history. There is constantly a group of persons outside the windows, attracted by the articles exhibited; and when you open the door, and enter, you find presiding within not an ordinary shopkeeper, but an accomplished artist. Very rarely is he to be found alone; his magazine being a regular rendezvous for travellers, artists, naturalists, and authors—in short, for all the literary celebrities of Paris. Jamming, already the glory of natural science; Wilson, the principal former of the Museum in Philadelphia; Philippe Rousseau, who paints animals to the life; Delgorgue, the intrepid elephant hunter; Gray, so distinguished amongst English naturalists; Mitchell, the director of the London Zoological Gardens; Henri Mounier, the rival of Moiré; Alphonse Rarr; Deshayes, perfect master of conchology; Lafresnaye, equally distinguished amongst ornithologists; Emile Blanchard, who devotes his life to the study and dissection of living microscopic atoms; Delamarre Piquot, who searches the remotest quarters

of the globe for alimentary substances wherewith to enrich Europe; M. Michelin, who devotes his leisure hours to the collection and classification of rare polypt—these and many others may be found studying, admiring, drawing, and describing the strange animals which, from all parts of the world, are consigned to the shop on the Boulevard Montmartre; thence to be distributed among the collections of Europe and America.

Undisturbed by the buzz of brilliant conversation continually going on, the master of the establishment does not lose a single moment: he gives orders, he classifies, describes, and sends off his treasures, frequently as gifts, to enrich various museums. One evening, as he was very busy in classifying a collection of shells, according to the method of Lamarck, one of his visitors, taking up a rare specimen of the *helix*, or snail-shell, said, "Ah, I can never look at this species without recalling an incident which I witnessed here, and which I will now tell you.

"I happened to be in the magazine one evening just like this about ten years ago. A lamp from the ceiling, which enlightened the centre, left the corners of the room in deep shade, while the ruddy firelight played fantastically on the strange animals and grotesque objects piled around the walls. The master of the shop, who was then, as now, busily sorting shells, suddenly took one which chance had placed under his hand, and presented it to a tall, gray-haired old man, who had been silently seated in the background. The latter approached the lamp, examined the shell, smiled, sighed, and placed it in his pocket. A slight crash was heard as he quietly resumed his seat. Seeing many inquisitive eyes fixed on him, he said, "I have broken it." And throwing the fragments of the delicate shell on the floor, he ground them to powder beneath his heel.

"For some moments there was a profound silence. It was broken by the old man, who with a sad smile said, "Gentlemen, I will tell you why I have broken this shell. Mine is a strange weakness," he continued; "and yet if I can hope to find indulgence for it anywhere, it must be among you, who are yourselves collectors, and who might perhaps, under similar circumstances, even imitate it. That shell was a *helix*, which has never hitherto been named nor depicted. In my collection I possess the only specimen of it known to the scientific world, and which I purchased ten years ago in this magazine. The first time that I saw this unique shell my heart beat quick with joy. I was poor, but at any price I must possess it. Intoxicated with joy, I carried it home, and I passed whole days in contemplating it, studying it, and examining its most minute details. It took me two years to pay its price—two long years of privation. Every month I brought in a small sum, often saved from the necessities of life. But what signified that? I possessed the shell; it was mine alone; no one could show another similar! I would not allow it to be described; when I showed it to some few of the initiated, it was on the condition that they would not mention it in their Fauna. Never was devoted lover more blindly jealous of his beloved one than I was—than I am of my *helix*!

"Shortly after I had paid its price in full, I strolled in here one evening as usual. Happening to open a case of newly-arrived shells, I started back with a loud cry. There I beheld a *helix* precisely similar to my own! Fancy my grief—my despair! My treasured shell was no longer unique—some other collector would possess one similar! Although very poor, I did not hesitate: I purchased the *helix*, and carried it home; but this time without any joy of heart. I possessed a few good pictures, an old and cherished family inheritance; these I sold to pay for the second shell, which, as soon as it became mine, I ground to atoms.

"Three years passed on, and want pressed heavily on my old age. The failure of a bank deprived me of a sum which had served to eke out my trifling pension, and enable me from time to time to add a few good shells

to my collection. Cut off from this resource, my sole enjoyment consisted in contemplating my beloved shell; never was I tired of examining my *helix*! Never shall I forget the sickness of heart which oppressed me when one evening I saw in yonder cabinet three shells like mine! I took them quietly in my hand, examined them carefully, and gave them back to our friend, their owner. 'I cannot buy them,' said I. He looked at me earnestly, and saw my paleness and my tears; for, gentlemen, I was weeping like a child. He smiled, took a hammer, and pulverised the three precious *helices*! You all witnessed what he did just now. May God bless him for his disinterested kindness towards an old friend! I should die of despair, gentlemen, if I thought any one else possessed a *helix* like mine." So saying, the old man rose and went out, wrapping himself up in his tattered mantle.

"Four years ago death separated the old conchologist from that which formed his life: one morning he was found stiff and cold seated before his cabinet, his glazed eyes still fixed on the beloved shell. His collection was purchased by our friend, who had shown such considerate sympathy for the old man's jealous weakness; and, strange to say, up to the present time no other *helix* of the same kind has been brought to Europe. To an uninitiated eye the shell has nothing either curious or beautiful in its appearance: its rarity forms its sole value. At this moment one of our most learned conchologists is engaged in classifying and describing it: he also intends to publish a drawing of its form. I hope that, in memory of its first possessor, he will call it the *Helix Innominata*—the Nameless Snail-Shell."

EMIGRATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

An interesting story is told by the 'Glasgow Saturday Post' of the adventures of a young lady, Miss Mary Brown. She was the daughter of a gentleman lately dead, and inherited a small property from him, on which she lived. Her only near relative in Glasgow was a 'ne'er-do-weel' brother, a cab-driver, who, having himself been disinherited, constantly teased her, and extorted money from her. Having friends in America, she determined to emigrate, and took her passage by the City of Glasgow steamer, which left on Tuesday. Her brother, disappointed and vexed at her intended departure, formed a scheme to detain her. A trumpety claim was reared up, and a *meditatione fuge* warrant applied for. This he swore to, and got the warrant. Armed with this authority, and attended by two sheriff's officers, he watched the sailing of the vessel. Miss Brown, with her friends, was on board; they remained with her till the signal for sailing was given, and, bidding her farewell, they went on shore, and walked down the quay. Now was the cab-driver's opportunity. Seeing his sister deserted by her friends, and no help at hand, he sneaked on board the vessel, and caused her to be apprehended in presence of the passengers, the ship's crew, and the immense multitude of onlookers. In vain did she remonstrate against such shameful conduct—violence was resorted to, and she was dragged on shore, and, refusing to listen to their proposals for letting her off, she was carried before Sheriff Bell. The sheriff, after hearing the evidence, detected the trick, and dismissed the case. She left the sheriff's office, and met her friends: she was now freed from her tormentors. A new dilemma arose. The vessel had sailed—Miss Brown's passage was paid, and all her luggage on board. To overtake the vessel seemed hopeless, but still she was resolved to make the attempt. Hiring a cab, she drove to the Greenock railway station, and finding a train on the point of starting, was speedily conveyed to Greenock. Fresh misfortunes seemed to arise—the City of Glasgow steamer had passed Greenock nearly half an hour before the arrival of the train, and was seen slowly steaming past Gourcock. A Gourcock steamer was leaving the quay, and Miss Brown went on board of it. The Gourcock steamer was rapidly overhauling the huge City of Glasgow, when all on a sudden the latter was seen to 'bout ship,' and steam towards Greenock. The cause of this sudden change arose from an accident which happened to the oil cistern on board. A steam-tug was despatched to Greenock for a fresh supply of oil, and hence the delay which proved so fortunate for the persecuted orphan. Taking a small boat, Miss Brown was rowed

towards the vessel, and received on board amid the cheers of the passengers. A new matter of consternation now arose: the captain, thinking she would not get away, had landed all her luggage at Greenock, and there was no hope of getting it. Further vexation was put an end to by the return of the tug carrying the oil, with all Miss Brown's luggage on board. Certain friends at Greenock had seen her luggage on the quay, and forwarded it with the tug. Thus were all further impediments happily got over.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS AND TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

There is another subject connected with the general taxation of the country in which the interests of all Mechanics' Institutions are deeply involved, and respecting which, without departing from their neutrality on political questions, they ought certainly, particularly at the present time, to make their views known by petitions to the legislature. These taxes are the duty on paper, on advertisements, and the stamp on newspapers. To these all the institutions are, necessarily, large contributors; for after paying rent, salaries, and lecturers, nearly all the remaining expenditure is for books, newspapers, periodicals, printing, and advertising. There are thirty-six institutions in Lancashire and Cheshire that take 109 weekly, 262 monthly, and 43 quarterly periodicals; 86 daily, and 327 other newspapers. The cost of these is about one-sixth of the entire revenue, and the tax upon the newspapers alone is equal to 3 per cent. on the income. This of course is quite irrespective of the paper duty, that enhances the price of books, periodicals, and printing; and of the advertisement duty, that in many instances prevents that publicity being given to the nature and proceedings of the institutions so essential to their welfare. On the smaller institutions these taxes press heavily; and there is no doubt that their repeal would greatly increase the prosperity and usefulness of all.—*Report of the Central Committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions.*

ZOOLOGY OF AUSTRALIA.

Geological researches into the structure of the globe show that a succession of physical changes have modified its surface from the earliest period up to the present time, and that these changes have been accompanied with variations not only in the phases of animal and vegetable life, but often in the development also of organization; and as these changes cannot be supposed to have been operating uniformly over the entire surface of the globe in the same periods of time, we should naturally be prepared for finding the now existing Fauna of some regions exhibiting a higher state of development than that of others; accordingly, if we contrast the Fauna of the old continents of geographers with the zoology of Australia and New Zealand, we find a wide difference in the degree of organization which creation has reached in these respective regions. In New Zealand, with the exception of a *Vesperugo* and a *Mus*, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly-organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird; in Australia, if compared with New Zealand, creation appears to have considerably advanced, but even here the order *Rodentia* is the highest in the scale of its indigenous animal productions; the great majority of its quadrupeds being the *Marsupialia* (kangaroos, &c.) and the *Monotremata* (*Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*), which are the very lowest of the mammalia; and its ornithology being characterised by the presence of certain peculiar genera—*Troglodytes*, *Leipia*, and *Megapodius*; birds which do not incubate their own eggs, and which are perhaps the lowest representatives of their class; while the low organization of its botany is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, the *Cerealia*, &c.—*Gould's Birds of Australia.*

NEGLECTING THE ANTECEDENT.

Some very whimsical instances of this occur continually, especially in the answers of witnesses when given literally as they speak. In a late assault case the prosecutor swore that 'the prisoner struck him with a broom on his head till he broke the top of it!' In narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a cart *aged sixty*. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot, and put it in!' Another, swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy, which he swallowed;' which seems

to mean the boy, not the money. An old fellow, who for many years sold combustible matches in London, had the following cry: 'Buy a pennyworth of matches of a poor old man made of foreign wood!'—*New York Christmas Bell.*

DO NOT WEEP.

I ONCE was young, but now am old; I once was fair, now gray;
A summer child, for I was born upon a summer day.
Our home stood in a valley lone—it was an ancient hall—
With slanting roof, and gable sides, and ivy on the wall.

Not more unruly sure was I than petted children are,
Though I was nurtured with far more than usual love and care;
A faithful nurse watched over me from when I first saw light,
And ceaseless was her tending love throughout the day and night.

A picture hung within the hall—'twas of the Holy Child:
I used, as evening shadows fell, to think the blest One smiled;
And when with awe I told my nurse, she said, 'Remember this—
The gracious Saviour never smiles on those who do amiss.'

Sometimes, with childish illis oppress'd—in frowardness or pain—
Recounting my imagined woes, 'twas pleasant to complain;
By tender accents reassured—'Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep.'

My heart received the portraiture, though oft it disappears,
Reviving with the sacred warmth of penitential tears;
And at the solemn midnight hour bright visions still reveal
The smile of bliss ineffable whose influence I feel.

As years bring sorrow in their train, dim smiles, and stifled sighs—
Imaginary grief dispelled by stern realities—
A haunting voice yet seems to say, 'Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep.'

C. A. M. W.

BOOK-TRADE OF THE EAST.

We have learned with pleasure that the Board of Education is extending the number of its publications in the native languages. After all that can be said for our English (and much can), it must be owned that neither here nor anywhere can the body of any people be addressed to a good purpose but in their own tongue. The art of printing has made great advances of late years in Bombay—particularly the lithographic branch, for which the chief Eastern languages are well adapted. We were told the other day that as many as six different editions of the entire Koran in Arabic have been lately worked off in Bombay, consisting in the aggregate of about 15,000 copies. There is great facility for such work in Bombay, and 'the freedom of the press' must thus already be dear to nations who only enjoy it from a distance. The Koran, we are told, thus printed in Bombay, is despatched to Persia, Arabia, &c. and instead of costing fifteen, twenty, or thirty rupees each, as very ordinary copies used to do, now sells for three, and sometimes two rupees, with a good profit to the printer. In this way Bombay may now be considered the book-store of a great part of Central Asia. It is strange to think that the arts of Christians should thus be used in spreading so much of idolatry and error. But as the sun shines on the just and on the unjust, so are these arts applied for good purposes as well as bad. It is consolatory to know that good will be the crowning result.—*Indian paper.*

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